Josephine Ward. Mass 181

THE SEASONS.

CONTAINING,

Spring.	*Autumn.*
Summer.	*Winter.*

Elias Nason

BY JAMES THOMSON.

1863

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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1. Poetry, English

THE LIFE OF JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, the ſon of a miniſter, well eſteemed for his piety and diligence, was born September 7, 1700, at Ednam, in the ſhire of Roxburgh, of which his father was paſtor. His mother, whoſe name was Hume, inherited, as co-heireſs, a portion of a ſmall eſtate. The revenue of a pariſh in Scotland is ſeldom large; and it was probably in commiſeration of the difficulty with which Mr. Thomſon ſupported his family, having nine children, that M. Riccarton, a neighbouring miniſter, diſcoving in James uncommon promiſes of future excellence, undertook to ſuperintend his education, and provide him books.

He was taught the common rudiments of learning at the ſchool at Jedburgh, a place which he delights to recollect in his poem of *Autumn;* but was not conſidered by his maſter as ſuperior to common boys, though in thoſe early days he amuſed his patron and his friends with poetical compoſitions; with which however he ſo little pleaſed himſelf, that on every new-year's day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

From the ſchool he was removed to Edinburgh, where he had not reſided two years when his father died, and

left all his children to the care of their mother, who raiſed upon her little eſtate what money a mortgage could afford, and removing with the family to Edinburgh, lived to ſee her ſon riſing into eminence.

The deſign of Thomſon's friends was to breed him a miniſter. He lived at Edinburgh, as at ſchool, without diſtinction or expectation, till, at the uſual time, he performed a probationary exercise by explaining a pſalm.—His diction was ſo poetically ſplendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the profeſſor of divinity, reproved him for ſpeaking language unintelligible to a popular audience, and he cenſured one of his expreſſions as indecent, if not profane.

This rebuke is reported to have repreſſed his thoughts of an eccleſiaſtical character, and he probably cultivated with new diligence his bloſſoms of poetry, which however were in ſome danger of a blaſt; for, ſubmitting his productions to ſome who thought themſelves qualified to criticiſe, he heard of nothing but faults, but, finding other judges more favorable, he did not ſuffer himſelf to ſink into deſpondence.

He eaſily diſcovered that the only ſtage on which the poet could appear, with any hope of advantage, was London; a place too wide for the operation of petty competition and private malignity, where merit might ſoon become conſpicuous, and would find friends as ſoon as it became reputable to befriend it. A lady who was acquainted with his mother, adviſed him to the journey, and promiſed ſome countenance or aſſiſtance, which at laſt he never received; however, he juſtified his adventure by her encouragement, and came to ſeek in London patronage and fame.

At his arrival he found his way to Mr. Mallet, then tutor of the ſons of the duke of Montroſe. He had recommendations to ſeveral perſons of conſequence, which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief; but as he paſſed along the ſtreet, with the gaping curioſity of a new comer, his attention was upon every thing rather than his pocket, and his magazine of credentials were ſtolen from him.

His firſt want was of a pair of ſhoes. For the ſupply of *all his neceſſities* his whole fund was his *Winter*, which *for a time could find* no purchaſer; till, at laſt, Mr. Mil-

ler was perſuaded to buy it at a low price; and this low price he had for ſome time reaſon to regret; but, by accident, Mr. Whatley, a man not wholly unknown among authors, happening to turn his eye upon it, was ſo delighted that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence. Thomſon obtained likewiſe the notice of Aaron Hill, whom, being friendleſs and indigent, and glad of kindneſs, he courted with every expreſſion of ſervile adulation.

Winter was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, but attracted no regard from him to the author; till Aaron Hill awakened his attention by ſome verſes addreſſed to Thomſon, and publiſhed in one of the newſpapers, which cenſured the great for their neglect of ingenious men. Thomſon then received a preſent of twenty guineas, of which he gives this account to Mr. Hill.

"I hinted to you in my laſt, that on Saturday morning I was with Sir Spencer Compton. A certain gentleman, without my deſire, ſpoke to him concerning me; his anſwer was, that I had never come near him. Then the gentleman put the queſtion, if he deſired that I ſhould wait on him? he anſwered he did. On this, the gentleman gave me an introductory letter to him. He received me in what they commonly call a civil manner; aſked me ſome common-place queſtions, and made me a preſent of twenty guineas. I am very ready to own that the preſent was larger than my performance deſerved; and ſhall aſcribe it to his generoſity, or any other cauſe, rather than the merit of the addreſs."

The poem which, being of a new kind, few would venture at firſt to like, by degrees gained upon the public; and one edition was very ſpeedily ſucceeded by another.

Thomſon's credit was now high, and every day brought him new friends; among others Dr. Rundle, a man afterwards unfortunately famous, ſought his acquaintance, and found his qualities ſuch, that he recommended him to the lord chancellor Talbot.

Winter was accompanied in many editions, not only with a preface and dedication, but with poetical praiſes by Mr. *Hill, Mr. Mallet* (then *Malloch*,) and Mira, the fictitious

name of a lady once too well known. Why the dedications are to *Winter* and the other seasons, contrarily to custom, left out in the collected works, the reader may enquire.

The next year (1727) he distinguished himself by three publications; of *Summer* in pursuance of his plan; of *a poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton*, which he was enabled to perform as an exact philosopher by the instruction of Mr. Gray; and of *Britania*, a kind of poetical invective against the ministry, whom the nation then thought not forward enough in resenting the depredations of the Spaniards. By this piece he declared himself an adherent to the opposition, and therefore had no favor to expect from the court.

Thomson, having been some time entertained in the family of lord Binning, was desirous of testifying his gratitude by making him the patron of his *Summer*; but the same kindness which had first disposed lord Binning to encourage him, determined him to refuse the dedication, which was by his advice addressed to Mr. Doddington; a man who had more power to advance the reputation and fortune of a poet.

Spring was published next year, with a dedication to the countess of Hertford; whose practice it was to invite every Summer some poet into the country, to hear her verses, and assist her studies. This honor was one Summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with lord Hertford and his friends, than in assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons.

Autumn, the season to which the *Spring* and *Summer* are preparatory, still remained unsung, and was delayed till he published (1730) his works collected.

He produced in 1727 the tragedy of *Sophonisba*, which raised such expectation, that every rehearsal was dignified with a splendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public. It was observed however that nobody was much affected, and that the company rose as from a moral lecture.

It had upon the stage no unusual degree of success.—Slight accidents will operate upon the taste of pleasure.—*There was a feeble* line in the play;

O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!

This gave occasion to a waggish parody;

O, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!

which was for a while echoed through the town.

I have been told by Savage, that of the prologue to *Sophonisba* the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it, and that the concluding lines were added by Mallet.

Thomson was not long afterwards, by the influence of Dr. Rundle, sent to travel with Mr. Charles Talbot, the eldest son of the Chancellor. He was yet young enough to receive new impressions, to have his opinions rectified, and his views enlarged; nor can he be supposed to have wanted that curiosity which is inseparable from an active and comprehensive mind. He may therefore now be supposed to have revelled in all the joys of intellectual luxury; he was every day feasted with instructive novelties; he lived splendidly without expence, and might expect when he returned home a certain establishment.

At this time a long course of opposition of Sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamours for liberty, of which no man felt the want, and with care for liberty, which was not in danger. Thomson, in his travels on the continent, found or fancied so many evils arising from the tyranny of other governments, that he resolved to write a very long poem, in five parts, upon liberty.

While he was busy on the first book, Mr. Talbot died; and Thomson, who had been rewarded for his attendance, by the place of secretary of the Briefs, pays in the initial lines a decent tribute to his memory.

Upon this great poem two years were spent, and the author congratulated himself upon it as his noblest work; but an author and his reader are not always of a mind.—*Liberty* called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises and reward her encomiast: her praises were condemned to harbor spiders, and to gather dust; none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded.

The judgment of the public was not erroneous; the recurrence of the same images must tire in time; an enumer-

ation of examples to prove a position which nobody denied, as it was from the beginning superfluous, must quickly grow disgusting.

The poem of *Liberty* does not now appear in its original state; but when the author's works were collected, after his death, was shortened by Sir George Lyttleton, with a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend.—I wish to see it exhibited as its author left it.

Thomson now lived in ease and plenty, and seems for a while to have suspended his poetry; but he was soon called back to labour by the death of the chancellor, for his place then became vacant; and though the lord Hardwich delayed for some time to give it away, Thomson's bashfulness, or pride, or some other motive perhaps not more laudable, withheld him from soliciting; and the new Chancellor would not give him, what he would not ask for.

He now relapsed to his former indigence; but the prince of Wales was at that time struggling for popularity, and by the influence of Mr. Lyttleton professed himself the patron of wit: to him Thomson was introduced, and being gaily interrogated about the state of his affairs, said, *that they were in a more poetical posture than formerly;* and had a pension allowed him of one hundred pounds a year.

Being now obliged to write, he produced (1738) the tragedy of *Agamemnon*, which was much shortened in the representation. It had the fate which most commonly attends mythological stories, and was only endured, but not favored. It struggled with such difficulty through the first night, that Thompson, coming late to his friends, with whom he was to sup, excused his delay by telling them how the sweat of his distress had so disordered his wig, that he could not come till he had been refitted by a barber.

He so interested himself in his own drama, that, if I remember right, as he sat in the upper gallery he accompa-

nied the players by audable recitation, till a friendly hint frightened him to silence. Pope countenanced *Agamemnon*, by coming to it the first night, and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap; he had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed it in a poetical Epistle, sent to Italy, of which, however, he abated the value, by transplanting some of the lines into his Epistle to *Arbuthnot*.

About this time the Act was passed for licensing plays, of which the first operation was the prohibition of *Gustavus Vasa*, a tragedy of Mr. Brooke, whom the public recompensed by a very liberal subscription; the next was the refusal of *Edward and Eleonora*, offered by Thomson. It is hard to discover why either play should have been obstructed. Thomson likewise endeavored to repair his loss by a subscription, of which I cannot now tell the success.

When the public murmured at the unkind treatment of Thomson, one of the ministerial writers remarked, that *he had taken a liberty which was not agreeable to* Britania, *in any* Season.

He was soon after employed, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, to write the masque of *Alfred*, which was acted before the Prince at Cliefden-house.

His next work (1745) was *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*, the most successful of all his tragedies; for it still keeps its turn upon the stage. It may be doubted whether he was, either by the bent of nature or habits of study, much qualified for tragedy. It does not appear that he had much sense of the pathetic, and his diffusive and descriptive style produced declamation rather than dialogue.

His friend, Mr. Littleton, was now in power, and conferred upon him the office of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands; for which, when his deputy was paid, he received about three hundred pounds a year.

The last piece he lived to publish was the *Castle of Indolence*, which was many years under his hands, but was at last finished with great accuracy. The first canto opens a scene of lazy luxury, that fills the imagination.

He was now at ease, but was not long to enjoy it; for *by taking* cold on the water between London and Kew

he caught a disorder, which with some careless exasperation, ended in a fever that put an end to his life, August 27, 1748. He was buried in the church of Richmond without an inscription; but a monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster-abbey.

Thomson was of stature above the middle size, and *more fat than hard beseems*, of a dull countenance, and gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance; silent in mingled company, but cheerful among select friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved.

He left behind him the tragedy of *Coriolanus*, which was, by the zeal of his patron, Sir George Lyttleton, bro't upon the stage for the benefit of his family, and recommended by a Prologue, which Quin, who had long lived with Thomson in fond intimacy, spoke in such a manner as shewed him *to be*, on that occasion, *no actor*. The commencement of this benevolence is very honorable to Quin; who is reported to have delivered Thomson, then known to him only for his genius, from an arrest, by a very considerable present; and its continuance is honorable to both; for friendship is not always the sequil of obligation. By this tragedy a considerable sum was raised, of which, part discharged his debts, and the rest was remitted to his sisters, whom, however removed from them, by place or condition, he regarded with great tenderness, as will appear by the following letter, which I communicate with much pleasure, as it gives me at once an opportunity of recording the fraternal kindness of Thomson, and reflecting on the friendly assistance of Mr. Boswell, from whom I received it.

"*Hagley, in Worcestershire,*
October the 4th, 1747.

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"I thought you had known me better than to interpret my silence into a decay of affection, especially as your behavior has always been such as rather to increase than diminish it. Don't imagine, because I am a bad correspondent, that I can ever prove an unkind friend and brother. I must do myself the justice to tell you, that my affections are naturally very fixed and constant; and if I had ever

reaſon of complaint againſt you (of which by the bye I have not the leaſt ſhadow) I am conſcious of ſo many defects in myſelf, as diſpoſe me to be not a little charitable and forgiving.

"It gives me the trueſt heart-felt ſatisfaction to hear you have a good huſband, and are in eaſy contented circumſtances; but were they otherwiſe, that would only awaken and heighten my tenderneſs towards you. As our good and tender hearted parents, did not live to receive any material teſtimonies of that higheſt human gratitude I owed them (than which nothing could have given me equal pleaſure) the only return I can make them now, is by kindneſs to thoſe they left behind them: would to God poor Lizy had lived longer, to have been a farther witneſs of the truth of what I ſay, and that I might have had the pleaſure of ſeeing once more a ſiſter, who ſo truly deſerved my eſteem and love. But ſhe is happy, while we muſt toil a little longer here below: let us however do it cheerfully and gratefully, ſupported by the pleaſing hope of meeting yet again on a ſafer ſhore, where to recollect the ſtorms and difficulties of life will not perhaps be inconſiſtent with that bliſsful ſtate. You did right to call your daughter by her name; for you muſt needs have had a particular tender friendſhip for one another, endeared as you were by nature, by having paſſed the affectionate years of your youth together; and by that great ſoftener and engager of hearts, mutual hardſhip. That it was in my power to eaſe it a little, I account one of the moſt exquiſite pleaſures of my life.—But enough of this melancholy, though not unpleaſing ſtrain.

"I eſteem you for your ſenſible and diſintereſted advice to Mr. Bell, as you will ſee by my letter to him: as I approve entirely of his marrying again, you may readily aſk me why I don't marry at all. My circumſtances have hitherto been ſo variable and uncertain in this fluctuating world, as induce to keep me from engaging in ſuch a ſtate; and now, though they are more ſettled, and of late (which you will be glad to hear) conſiderably improved, I begin to think myſelf too far advanced in life for ſuch youthful undertakings, not to mention ſome other petty

reasons that are apt to startle the delicacy of difficult bachelors. I am, however, not a little suspicious that I to pay a visit to Scotland (which I have some thou of doing soon) I might possibly be tempted to think thing not easily repaired if done amiss. I have alw been of opinion that none make better wives than the dies of Scotland; and yet, who are more forsaken t they, while the gentlemen are continually running abi all the world over? Some of them, it is true, are enough to return for a wife. You see I am beginnin make interest already with the Scots ladies.—But no m of this infectious subject.—Pray let me hear from now and then; and though I am not a regular correspo ent, yet perhaps I may mend in that respect. Remen me kindly to your husband, and believe me to be,

Your most affectionate brother,

JAMES THOMSO

(Addressed) "To Mrs. Thomson, in Lanark."

The benevolence of Thomson was fervid, but not tive; he would give, on all occasions, what assistance purse would supply; but the offices of intervention or licitation he could not conquer his sluggishness sufficie to perform. The affairs of others, however, were more neglected than his own. He had often felt the conveniences of idleness, but he never cured it; and so conscious of his own character, that he talked of writ an Eastern Tale of *the Man who loved to be in distress*.

Among his peculiarities was a very unskilful and ir ticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty solemn com sition. He was once reading to Doddington, who be himself a reader eminently elegant, was so provoked his odd utterance that he snatched the paper from hand, and told him that he did not understand his verses.

The biographer of Thomson has remarked, that an thor's life is best read in his works; his observations *not well-timed*. Savage, who lived much with Thom *once told me*, how he heard a lady remarking that *could gather* from his works three parts of his char

that he was *a great Lover, a great Swimmer, and rigorously abſtinent;* but, ſaid Savage, he knows not any love but that of the ſex: he was perhaps never in cold water in his life; and he indulges himſelf with all the luxury that comes within his reach: Yet Savage always ſpoke with the moſt eager praiſe of his ſocial qualities, his warmth and conſtancy of friendſhip, and his adherence to his firſt acquaintance when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praiſe of the higheſt kind: his mode of thinking, and of expreſſing his thoughts, is original. His blank verſe is no more the blank verſe of Milton, or of any other poet than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauſes, his diction, are of his own growth, without tranſcription without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius, he looks round on nature and on life, with the eye which nature beſtows only on a poet; the eye that diſtinguiſhes, in every thing preſented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vaſt, and attends to the minute.—The reader of the *Seaſons* wonders that he never ſaw before what Thomſon ſhews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomſon impreſſes.

His is one of the works in which blank verſe ſeems properly uſed: Thomſon's wide expanſion of general views, and his enumeration of circumſtantial varieties, would have been obſtructed and embarraſſed by the frequent interſection of the ſenſe, which are the neceſſary effects of rhyme.

His deſcriptions of extended ſcenes and general effects, bring before us the whole magnificence of Nature, whether pleaſing or dreadful. The gaiety of *Spring*, the ſplendor of *Summer*, the tranquility of *Autumn*, and the horror of *Winter*, take, in their turns, poſſeſſion of the mind.—The Poet leads us through the apperances of things as they are ſucceſſively varied by the viciſſitudes of the year, and imparts to us ſo much of his own enthuſiaſm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his

ſentiments. Nor is the naturaliſt without his part in the entertainment; for he is aſſiſted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his diſcoveries, and to amplify the ſphere of his contemplation.

The great defect of the *Seaſons* is want of method; but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances ſubſiſting all at once, no rule can be given why one ſhould be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curioſity is not excited by ſuſpenſe or expectation.

His diction is in the higheſt degree florid and luxuriant, ſuch as may be ſaid to be to his images and thoughts *both their luſtre and their ſhade;* ſuch as inveſt them with ſplendor, through which perhaps they are not always eaſily diſcerned. It is too exhuberant, and ſometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

Theſe Poems, with which I was acquainted at their firſt appearance, I have ſince found altered and enlarged by ſubſequent reviſals, as the author ſuppoſed his judgment to grow more exact, and as books or converſation extended his knowledge and opened his proſpects. They are, I think, improved in general; yet I know not whether they have not loſt part of what Temple calls their *race;* a word which applied to wines, in its primitive ſenſe, means the flavor of the ſoil.

Liberty, when it firſt appeared, I tried to read, and ſoon deſiſted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praiſe or cenſure.

The higheſt praiſe which he has received ought not to be ſuppreſt; it is ſaid by lord Lyttleton, in the prologue to his poſthumous play, that his works contained

"*No line, which, dying, he could wiſh to blot.*"

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of Hertford. The ſeaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals:—and laſt, on man.—Concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O HERTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain,
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht,
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30

Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
  Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
  White through the neighboring fields, the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
  Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung 55
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65
  Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain, 70

Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe, 75
And be the exhaustless granary of the world!
Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breaths; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the streaming Power 80
At large to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight. 85
From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100
Buried in smoke, and steep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdent maze
Of sweet briar hedges I pursue my walk; 105
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the rapturi'd eye

Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.
If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foilage shrinks,
Joyless, and dead, a wide dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft 120
Keen in the poison'd breeze: and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135
Be patient, swains; these cruel seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the Summer blaze, 140
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.
The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent. 145
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom: 150

Not ſuch as wintry ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath 155
Is heard to quiver through the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem through deluſive lapſe
Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all, 160
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe,
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off; 165
And wait the approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And foreſts ſeem impatient, to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe, 270
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
In large effuſion o'er the freſhen'd world. 175
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander through the foreſt-walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs, 180
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full diſtended clouds 185
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun
Looks out effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-ſhifting to his beam.

The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoaking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195
Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
Full swell the woods; there ev'ry music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime refracted from yon Eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red, 205
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism:
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day. 220
Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or through the forest, rank 225
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds, 230

Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mold,
The moiſtening current and prolific rain.
  But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores,
Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man, 235
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflеſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe:
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240
  The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam;
For their light ſlumbers gently ſum'd away;
And up they roſe as vigorous as the ſun, 245
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away. While in the roſy vale 250
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs; ſave the ſweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,
Was known among theſe happy ſons of Heaven; 255
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds 260
Drop'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.
This, when immergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd in ſullen joy. 265
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their choir; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days. 270

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within; the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd, 280
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire, 290
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extavagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
Cold, and averting from our neighbor's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades 305
And petrefies the heart. Nature disturb'd,
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.
Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310

With univerſal burſt, into the gulph,
And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt;
Till, from the centre to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows; and Summer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and bloſſoms bluſh'd,
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphurious glooms
Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the ſprings of life.
But now, of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſt, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of art, 'tis copious bleſt.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold,
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt.
But Man, whom nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap

She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks,
What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? You, who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? He, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest: shall he bleed, 365
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands,
Even of the clowns he feeds? And that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough, 370
In this late age, advent'rous to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
High Heav'n forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375
Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain, and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, iſſuing cheerful, to thy ſport repair;
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the ſhadowy clouds 395
High to their ſount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, purſue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave
Their little naiads love to ſport at large. 400
Juſt in the dubious point where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly; 405
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game,
Strait as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook: 410
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore flow-dragging ſome,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod, 415
Him, piteous of his youth and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear. 425
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death,
With ſullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,

The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Give way, you, now retiring, following now 435
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.
Thus paſs the temperate hours: but when the ſun 440
Shakes from his noon-day throne the ſcattering clouds,
Even ſhooting liſtleſs languor through the deeps;
Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips hang 445
The dewey head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The ſounding culver ſhoots; or where the hawk, 450
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy neſt he builds.
There let the claſſic page thy fancy lead
Through rural ſcenes; ſuch as the Mantuan ſwain
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong.
Or catch thyſelf the landſkip, gliding ſwift 455
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in the dream,
Confus'd of careleſs ſolitude, where mix
Ten thouſand wandering images of things, 460
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace;
All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold yon breathing proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
Like Nature? Can imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then 470

Unequal fails beneath the pleafing tafk,
Ah, what fhall language do! Ah! where find words
Ting'd with fo many colours; and whofe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thofe aromatic gales, 475
That inexhauftive flow continual round?
Yet, though fuccefslefs, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths whofe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my fong! 480
Form'd by the Graces, lovelinefs itfelf!
Come with thofe downcaft eyes, fedate and fweet,
Thofe looks demure, that deeply pierce the foul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reafon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
Oh come! and while the rofy-footed May
Steals blufhing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Frefh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bofom that improves their fweets. 490
See where the winding vales its lavifh ftores,
Irriguous, fpreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, fcarce oozing through the grafs,
Of growth luxurant; or the humid bank,
In fair profufion decks. Long let us walk, 495
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of bloffom'd beans. Arabia cannot boaft
A fuller gale of joy, than liberal, thence
Breathes through the fenfe, and takes the ravifh'd foul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
Full of frefh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undifguis'd by mimic art, fhe fpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious tafk the fervant bees, 505
In fwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the foft air, the bufy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inferted tube,
Suck its pure effence, its ethereal foul;
And oft with bolder wings, they foaring dare 510

The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.
At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye 515
Diſtracted, wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps;
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? When at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderneſs of flowers, 525
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop, and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, ſtain'd with iron brown; 530
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round;
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas of glowing red. 535
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father duſt,
The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks, 540
With ſecret pride the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils, 545
Of potent fragrance; or Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations; nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk-roſe,
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells, 550

With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endleſs bloom.
Hail, Source of Being! Univerſal Soul—
Of Heaven and earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts, 555
Continual, climb; who, with a maſter-hand,
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew: 560
By Thee diſpos'd into conjenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide; a twining maſs of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root 565
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-colour'd ſcene of things.
As riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend, 570
My panting Muſe; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running ſoul of melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce, 575
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the Paſſion of the groves.*
When firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart 580
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent and wide, 585
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up ſprings the lark,
Shrill voic'd, and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590

Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowing furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhening ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves, their modulation mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock-dove breathe
A melancholy murmer through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavoring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of the regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then, on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd, then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts;

That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive,
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air, 650
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
Steal from the barn a straw: 'till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
Though the whole loosen'd spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfil'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food

With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young; 6
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot, amid the diſtant woods, 6
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping, eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites and give them all.
Nor toil alone they ſcorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd, 6
Gives inſtant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *ſimple* art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighboring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 6
Th' unfeeling ſchool-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering ſwain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on
In long excurſion, ſkims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte 6
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot purſuing ſpannel far aſtray.
Be not the Muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man 7
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes, 7
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 620
Her sorrows through the night, and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail refound. 725
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
Unlavish wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious Heavens, and look abroad 735
On nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose vibration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
The plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750

And once rejoicing never know them more.
High from the ſummit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, ſuch as amazing frowns
On utmoſt* Kilda's ſhore, whoſe lonely race
Reſign the ſetting ſun to Indian worlds, 755
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raiſe a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering ſeat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace, 760
Unſtain'd he holds, while many a league to ſea
He wings his courſe, and preys in diſtant iſles.
Should I my ſteps turn to the rural ſeat,
Whoſe lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaſeleſs caws amuſive; there well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity ſurvey
Of the mix'd houſehold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chriping family arouud, 770
Fed and defended by the fearleſs cock;
Whoſe breaſt with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately-ſailing ſwan 775
Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſier-iſle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock ſpreads 780
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun,
And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely ſcene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785
While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, ruſh furious into flame,
And fierce deſire. Through all his luſty veins

* *The fartheſt of the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland.*

The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels. 790
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
Crops, though it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight; and idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins: 800
Their eyes flaſh fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling ſteed, 805
With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the reiſn, nor hears the ſounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to diſtant plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away; 810
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on th' ærial ſummit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The head-long torrents foaming down the hills,
E'en where the madneſs of the ſtraiten'd ſtream 815
Turns in black eddies round; ſuch is the force
With which his frantic heart and ſinews ſwell.
Nor undelighted by the boundleſs Spring
Are the broad monſters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the ſtrain, and diſſonant to ſing
The cruel raptures of the ſavage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
The far reſounding waſte in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I ſing, enraptur'd, to the Britiſh Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where ſits the ſhepherd on the graſſy turf,

Inhaling, healthful, the defcending fun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his fportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friffkful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the fprightly race 835
Invites them forth: when fwift, the fignal given,
They ftart away, and fweep the maffy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When difunited Britain ever bled, 840
Loft in eternal broil: ere yet fhe grew
To this deep-laid indiffoluble ftate,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads,
And o'er our labors, Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world! 845
What is this *mighty breath*, ye fages, fay,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Inftructs the fowls of Heaven; and through their breaft
Thefe arts of love diffufes? What, but God?
Infpiring God! who boundlefs Spirit all, 850
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjufts, fuftains, and agitates the whole.
He ceafelefs works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work; with fuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ftupendous fcheme of things. 855
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy foft fcenes,
The Smiling God is feen; while water, earth,
And air, atteft his bounty; which exalts 860
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undefigning hearts
Profufely thus in tendernefs and joy.
Still let my fong a nobler note affume,
And fing th' effufive force of Spring on Man: 865
When Heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raife his being, and ferene his foul.
Can he forbear to join the general fmile
Of Nature? Can fierce paffions vex his breaft,
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870

Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat,
Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait; your active search 880
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds 885
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head:
Life flows afresh: and young-ey'd Health exalts 890
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still. 895
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world! 900
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the muse, thro' Hagley Park thou stray'st;
The British *Tempe!* There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or *gleam* in lengthen'd vista through the trees,

You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills
That purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft, 920
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time, 925
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts 930
The Muses charm; while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all 935
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth, 940
In vary'd converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy, 945
Unutterable happiness! which love,
Alone, bestows, and on a *favor'd few.*
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow,
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn, 950
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,

And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt 955
The Hospitable Genius lingers still,
To where the broken landskip, by degrees,
Ascending roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise. 960
Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes 965
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear extatic power, and sick 950
With sighing languishment. Ah, then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Down-cast, and low, in meek submission dress't,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue, 975
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man. 980
And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul, 985
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' enticing smile; the modest seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death: 990
And still false-warbling, in his cheated air,

Her ſyren voice, enchanting draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.
Even preſent, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roſes, fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt: a quick-returning pang
Shoots through the conſcious heart; where honor ſtil
And great deſign, againſt th' oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But abſent, what fantaſtic woes arous'd
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin, fall his ſcorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd ſun
Loſes his light. The roſy boſom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All nature fades extinct; and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dullneſs, tedious friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls; while, borne away
On ſwelling thought, his waſted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair;
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy ſcite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades, and ſympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the penſive duſk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,

Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy East,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks, 1035
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear; 1040
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love,
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed 1045
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps 1050
Exhausted Nature sinks awile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks; 1055
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love, 1060
Snatch'd from her yielding hand, he knows not how
Through forest huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades 1065
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore: where, succorless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain; borne by the outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave, 1070
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more, 1075
But agony unmix'd, incessant gaul,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace, 1080
Shine out your last! The yellow ting'd plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah! then, instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes 1085
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears 1090
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid, 1095
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love. 1100
Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart:
For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth, 1105
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery, tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste. 1110
But happy they! the happiest of their kind!

Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind, 1115
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where friendſhip full-exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul; 1120
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys 1125
The loathing virgin, in eternal care
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants from the light of Heaven 1130
Seclude their boſom ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them, 1135
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face; 1140
Truth, goodneſs, honor, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meanwhile a ſmiling offſpring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day, 1145
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought, 1150
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,

To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh! ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear 1155
Surpriſes often, while ye look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books, 1160
Eaſe and alternate labor, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll, 1165
Still find them happy; and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garlands on their heads:
'Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells 1170
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a Summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-sheering. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove; how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich, well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great-Britain. Sunset. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

SUMMER.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way, 5
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.
Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit seat, 15
By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstacy of soul. 20
And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit, 25
In seldom meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honor, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O DODDINGTON! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
With what an awful world revolving power,
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' *illimitable* void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,

That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labor'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the Seasons ever stealing round, 40
Minutely faithful: Such th' ALL-PERFECT HAND!
That pois'd, impels and rules the steady *whole*.
When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night; 45
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eye'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled East;
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
Blue, through the dusk, the smoaking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward: while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passengers. Music awakes 60
The native voice of undissembled joy:
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song? 70
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75

Wilder'd, and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly devious morning-walk? 80
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the Eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all, 85
Aſlant the dew-bright earth, and color'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand'ring ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light! 90
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen 95
Shines out thy Maker! May I ſing of thee?
'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy ſyſtem rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmoſt Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whoſe diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye;
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam.
The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of Seaſons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vaſt domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,

In world-rejoicing ſtate, it moves ſublime.
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of food'ul earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car
High-ſeen, the Seaſons lead, in ſprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating looſe, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And ſoften'd into joy the ſurly Storms.
Theſe, in ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy to
From land to land is fluſh'd the vernal year.
Nor to the ſurface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treſſes, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confeſs thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble ſhines:
Hence labor draws his tools; hence burniſh'd W
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bleſs mankind, and generous Commerce b
The round of nations in a golden chain.
The unfruitful rock itſelf impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid ſtone.
The lively diamond drinks thy pureſt rays,
Collected light, compact; that, poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the fair one's breaſt,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the ſapphire, ſolid ether, takes
Its hue cerulan; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow topaz burns,
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green emerald ſhows. But, all combin

Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the scite varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes, the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
And all the much transported muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How shall I then attempt to sing of Him! 175
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
That beam forever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.
And yet was every faultering tongue of Man, 185
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
E'en in the depth of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial Thee resound, 190
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195

My ſole delight; as through the falling glooms
Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds, 200
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-color'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.
Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt, 205
Dew-dropping Coolneſs to the ſhade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe;
While tyrant Heat, diſpreading through the ſky,
With rapid ſway, his burning influence darts 210
On man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.
Who can unpitying, ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-fluſh'd bloom reſign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins, 215
But one, the lofty follower of the ſun,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray.
Home from his morning taſk, the ſwain retreats; 220
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold,
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and mag-pie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours ariſe.
Faint, underneath, the houſehold fowls convene; 230
And, in a corner of the buzzing ſhade,
The houſe-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
Out-ſtretch'd, and ſleepy. In his ſlumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till waken'd by the waſp, 235

They ſtarting ſnap. Nor ſhall the Muſe diſdain
To let the little noiſy ſummer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her ſong:
Not mean, though ſimple; to the ſun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire. 240
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of ſoul. From every chink,
And ſecret corner, where they ſlept away
The wintry ſtorms; or riſing from their tombs, 245
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour. Of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand forms! ten thouſand different tribes!
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome 25
By fatal inſtinct fly; where on the pool
They, ſportive, wheel; or, ſailing down the ſtream,
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick eyed trout,
Or darting ſalmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to ſtray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255
In the freſh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and viſit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the ſweet taſk,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft beds, their young yet undiſclos'd, 260
Employ's their tender care. Some to the houſe,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pale, or taſte the curdling cheeſe:
Oft, inadvertant, from the milky ſtream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death; where, gloomily retir'd
The villain ſpider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap 270
Of carcaſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wanderer oft
Paſſes, as oft the ruffian ſhows his front:
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts, 27

With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
And ſhriller ſound declare extreme diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable hand. 280
Reſounds the living ſurface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum,
To him who muſes through the woods at noon;
Or drowſy ſhepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade 285
Of willows grey, cloſe crowding o'er the brook.
Gradual, from theſe what numerous kinds deſcend,
Evading e'en the microſcopic eye!
Full Nature ſwarms with life; one wond'rous maſs
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his ſpirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid ſtreams, emits the living cloud
Of peſtilence. Through ſubterranean cells,
Where ſearching ſun-beams ſcarce can find a way, 295
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its ſoft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the ſtone
Holds multitudes. But chief the foreſt boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameleſs nations feed
Of evaneſcent inſects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating verdure millions ſtray. 305
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, ſoothes,
Inflames, refreſhes, or exalts the taſte,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the ſtream
Of pureſt chryſtal, nor the lucid air,
Though one tranſparent vacancy it ſeems, 310
Void of their unſeen people. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, eſcape
The groſſer eye of Man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd ſhould on his ſenſes burſt,
From cares embroſial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315

He would abhorent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art! 325
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things; 330
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down,
From infinite Perfection to the brink 335
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 340
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,

Half naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
E'en ſtooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll, 365
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread the breathing harveſt to the ſun,
That throws refreſhful round a rural ſmell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 360
And drive the duſky wave along the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cock riſes thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love, and ſocial glee. 370
Or ruſhing thence, in one diffuſive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore. 375
Urg'd to the giddy bank, much is the toil,
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the ſoft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly ſides. And oft the ſwain,
On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in: 380
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt, they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And panting labor to the farther ſhore,
Repeated this, till deep the well-waſh'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
The trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid ſtream;
Heavy and dripping to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race; where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toſt from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous preſs'd 395

Head above head ; and, ranged in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace : 405
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand ;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
What softness in its melancholy face, 415
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.
A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise : Hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime. 425
The treasures of the sun without his rage :
Hence servant all, with culture, toil and arts,
Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humble coast, 430
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
'Tis raging noon : and vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er Heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazling deluge reigns ; and all

From pole to pole is undiſtinguiſhed blaze.
In vain the ſight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-aſcending ſteams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
And ſlippery lawn an arid hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the ſoul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful ſound
Of ſharpening ſcythe: the mower ſinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd; 445
And ſcarce a chirping graſs-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Diſtreſsful nature pants:
The very ſtreams look languid from afar;
Or, through the th' unſhelter'd glade, impatient ſeem
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450
All-conquering Heat, oh! intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing tempels potent thus
Beam not ſo fierce! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh, 455
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who, on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected ſhade reclines: 460
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And freſh bedew'd with ever-ſpouting ſtreams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unſatisfy'd, and ſick, toſſes in noon:
Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous man, 465
Who keeps his temper'd mind ſerene and pure,
And every paſſion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye ſhades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470
Ye aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the ſteep!
Delicious is your ſhelter to the ſoul,
As to the hunted hart the ſallying ſpring,
Or ſtream full-flowing, that his ſwelling ſides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.

Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.
Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers; if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd,
That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While from their laboring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505
Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 810
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest
Luxurient and erect! the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildeſt largeſt growth :
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn and ſlow, the ſhadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful liſtening gloom around.
These are the haunts of Meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath,
Extatic, felt ; and from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms, 525
On gracious errands bent : to ſave the fall
Of virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice ;
In waking whiſpers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favor'd ſoul
For future trials fated to prepare ; 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muſe to better themes : to ſoothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breaſt,
(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death ; 535
And numberleſs ſuch offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook ſudden from the bolom of the ſky,
A thouſand ſhapes or glide athwart the duſk, 540
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rous'd I feel
A ſacred terror, a ſevere delight,
Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abſtracted ear
Of fancy ſtrikes. "Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545
From the ſame Parent-Power our beings drew,
The ſame our Lord, and laws, and great purſuit.
Once ſome of us, like thee, through ſtormy life,
Toil'd, tempeſt-beaten ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
Where purity and peace immingle charms.
Then fear not us ; but with reſponſive ſong,
Amid theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
By noiſy folly and diſcordant vice,
Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's God. 555

Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade: 5
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! Though rais'd above 56
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene; 570
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580
Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water, every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought; swift-shrinking back,
Check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
Thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

* A young Lady, well known to the Author, who died at the age of seven, in the year 1738.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose;
But, raging still, amid the shaggy rocks, 600
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Affant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last 605
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest cooes, 615
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds 620
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over-head 625
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon, 630
Now come bold fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid* Zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd

Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
  See, how at once the bright effulgent sun, 635
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
The * *general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire;
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year,
Returning Suns and † *double Seasons* pass: 645
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills; 650
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods,
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven 655
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
  Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves:
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green, 665
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and the south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

Beneath the ſpreading tamarind, that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the maſſy locuſt ſhades,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze, 670
Embowering endleſs, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade. 675
Or ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its ſlender twigs 680
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſted worth, above faſtidious pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt anana, thou the pride 685
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick, let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with Jove!
From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe 690
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant ſpring; for oft theſe valleys ſhift
Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains prevail. 700
Along theſe lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little ſcenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening ſeas: 705
On whoſe luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,

Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The flood diſparts: behold! in plated mail,
* Bohemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his ſide, 710
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies;
He fearleſs walks the plains, or ſeeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his vary'd fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze. 715
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High rais'd in ſolemn theatre around, 720
Leans the huge elephant; wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe; with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not deſtructive! Here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,
And empires riſe and fall; regardleſs he 725
Of what the never-reſting race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'ſcape their guile,
Who ruine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps;
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,
The pride of kings! or elſe his ſtrength pervert, 730
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar,
Thick-ſwarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand, 735
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. † But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in ſong. 740
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whoſe legions caſt

* The Hippopotamus, or River-horſe.

† In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.

A boundlefs radiance waving on the fun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our fhades,
Through the foft filence of the liftening night,
The fober-fuited fongftrefs trills her lay.
But come, my Mufe, the defert-barrier burft,
A wild expanfe of lifelefs fand and fky:
And, fwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the fecret bounds
Of jealous Abyffinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mafk
Of focial commerce com'ft to rob their wealth:
No *holy Fury* thou, blafpheming Heaven,
With confecrated fteel to ftab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To fpread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmlefs bee, may'ft freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jafmine grove to grove may'ft wander gay,
Through palmy fhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveft the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy fummit, fpreading fair,
For many a league: or on ftupendous rocks,
That from the fun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rife;
And gardens fmile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gufh; and carelefs herds and flocks
Securely ftray; a world within itfelf,
Difdaining all affault: there let me draw
Ethereal foul, there drink reviving gales,
Profufely breathing from the fpicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at diftance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts that fweep
From difembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the vary'd landfkip, reftlefs, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind;
A land of wonders! which the fun ftill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm

Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the ſcene! Inblazing height of noon,
The ſun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom. 785
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of ſtruggling night and day, malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding faſt,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll. 790
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy, and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper ſeas condens'd 795
Around the cold ærial mountains brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous thorne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage:
Till, in the furious elemental war 800
Diſſolv'd, the whole precipitated maſs
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.
The treaſures theſe, hid from the bounded ſearch
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the ſwelling Nile. 805
From his two ſprings, in Gojam's ſunny realm,
Pure-ſwelling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-ſtream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant iſles, 810
That with unfading verdure ſmiles around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copius fed
With all the mellow'd treaſures of the ſky,
Winds in progreſſive majeſty along: 815
Through ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts
Of life-deſerted ſand; till, glad to quit
The joyleſs deſert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering ſteep to ſteep, he pours his urn, 820
And Egypt joys beneath the ſpreading wave.
His brother Niger too, and all the floods

In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the track
Of woody mountains ſtretch'd through gorgeous Ind 825
Fall on Cormandel's coaſt, or Malabar;
From * Menam's orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines
With inſect-lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
On Indus' ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower:
All, at this bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns, 830
And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.
Nor leſs thy world, Columbus, drinks refreſh'd,
The laviſh moiſture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his iſles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives 835
To dwell aloft on life-ſufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge deſcends
The mighty † Orellana. Scarce the Muſe 840
Dares ſtretch her wing o'er this enormous maſs
Of ruſhing water; ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The ſea-like Plata; to whoſe dread expanſe,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of courſe,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
In ſilent dignity they ſweep along,
And traverſe realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deſerts, worlds of ſolitude,
Where the ſun ſmiles and ſeaſons teem in vain,
Unſeen, and unenjoy'd. Forſaking theſe, 850
O'er peopled plains they fair diffuſive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle ſafe,
In their ſoft boſom; many a happy iſle;
The ſeat of blameleſs Pan, yet undiſturb'd
By Chriſtian crimes and Europe's cruel ſons. 855
Thus pouring on, they proudly ſeek the deep,
Whoſe vanquiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;

* The river that runs through Siam; on whoſe banks a vaſt multitude of thoſe inſects called fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† *The river of the Amazons.*

And ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth? 860
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 266
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace, 870
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers,
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 885
And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,

Which e'en imagination fears to tread;
At noon forth-iſſuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immenſe; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreſhing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds; and while, with threatening tong
And deathful jaws erect, the monſter curls,
His flaming creſt, all other thriſt, appall'd,
Or ſhivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,
The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of fate,
Whoſe high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licen'd by the ſhading hour of guilt
And foul miſdeed, when the pure day has ſhut
His ſacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively ſhining leopard, ſpeckled o'er
With many a ſpot, the beauty of the waſte:
And, ſcorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen hyena, felleſt of the fell.
Theſe, ruſhing from th' inhoſpitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted iſles,
That verdant riſe amid the Lybian wild,
Innumerous glare around their ſhaggy king,
Majeſtic, ſtalking o'er the printed ſand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian ſwain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural eaſe,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village ſtarts;
And to her fluttering breaſt the mother ſtrains
Her thoughtleſs infant. From the Pirate's den,
Or ſtern Morocco's tyrant-fang eſcap'd,
The wretch half-wiſhes for his bonds again:
While uproar all, the wilderneſs reſounds,
From Atlas eaſtward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the firſt of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone 940
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he ſits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the fartheſt verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
Ships, dim diſcover'd dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs continual through the tedious night. 950
Yet here, e'en here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping Rome,
And guilty Cæſar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Diſdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
And all the green delights Auſonia pours;
When for them ſhe muſt bend the ſervile knee,
And fawning, take the ſplendid robber's boon.
Nor ſtop the terrors of theſe regions here.
Commiſſion'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
Let looſe the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundleſs furnace of the ſky,
And the wide glittering waſte of burning ſand,
A ſuffocating wind the pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant death. Patient of thirſt and toil, 965
Son of the deſert! e'en the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blaſt.
Or from the black-red ether, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden whirlwind. Strait the ſands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play: 970
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come;
Till with the general all-involving ſtorm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds ariſe;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or ſunk at night in ſad diſaſtrous ſleep, 975
Beneath deſcending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded ſtreets,
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,

And Mecca ſaddens at the long delay.
But chief at ſea, whoſe every flexile wave
Obeys the blaſt, th' ærial tumult ſwells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radient line that girts the globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhauſting all the rage of all the ſky,
And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy † ſpeck
Compreſs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells:
Of no regard, ſave to the ſkilful eye,
Fiery, and foul, the ſmall prognoſtic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Muſters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon ſends before,
To tempt the ſpreading ſail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, deſcends a mingled maſs
Of roaring winds, and flames, and ruſhing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands,
Art is too ſlow: by rapid fate oppreſs'd,
His broad-wing'd veſſel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the boſom of the black abyſs.
With ſuch mad ſeas the daring ‡ Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Inceſſant, lab'ring round the *ſtormy Cape;*
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd,
The riſing world of trade: the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeleſs ſloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The § Luſitanian prince; who Heaven-inſpir'd,

* Typhon and Ecnephia, terms for particular ſtorms or hurri[illegible] known only between the tropics.

† Called by the ſailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at fi[illegible] bigger.

‡ Vaſco de Gama, the firſt who ſailed round Africa, by t[illegible]e C[illegible] *Good Hope,* to the Eaſt-Indies.

§ *Don Henry, third ſon* to John the Firſt, king of Portugal *ſtrong genius to the diſcovery* of new countries, was the chief ſ[illegible] *all the modern improvements* in navigation.

To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.
  Increaſing ſtill the terrors of theſe ſtorms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent 1015
Of ſteaming crowds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which ſpoils unhappy Guinea of her ſons, 1020
Demands his ſhare of prey: demands themſelves.
The ſtormy fates deſcend; one death involves
Tyrants and ſlaves; when ſtrait, their mangled limbs
Craſhing at once, he dyes the purple ſeas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025
  When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs ſun,
And draws the copious ſteam: from ſwampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive myriads; or from woods, 1030
Impenetrable ſhades, receſſes foul,
In vapors rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy horrors yet no deſp'rate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire power of peſtilent diſeaſe. 1035
A thouſand hideous fiends her courſe attend,
Sick Nature blaſting, and to heartleſs woe,
And feeble deſolation, caſting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man,
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd 1040
The Britiſh fire. You, gallant Vernon, ſaw
The miſerable ſcene; you, pitying, ſaw,
To infant-weakneſs ſunk the warrior's arm:
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs eye 1045
No more with ardor bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ſhips from ſhore to ſhore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the ſullen waves,
The frequent corſe; while, on each other fix'd,
In ſad preſage, the blank aſſiſtants ſeem'd

Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where frequent o'er the sick'ning city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? * From Ethiopia's poison'd woods, 1055
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drops
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamor of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad; 1070
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of Men, unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barb'rous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild breaks loose; and lound to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself 1080
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care; the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmorn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
Extends her raven wing; while to complete

* *These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in Dr. Meade's elegant book on that subject.*

The ſcene of deſolation, ſtretch'd around,
The grim guards ſtand, denying all retreat, 1090
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
Of brazen-vaulted ſkies, of iron fields
Where drought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
Th' infuriate hill that ſhoots the pillar'd flame:
And rous'd within the ſubterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
Aſpiring cities from their ſolid baſe,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muſe:
A nearer ſcene of horror calls thee home.
Behold, ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods; and growing, gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd 1105
With wrathful vapor, from the ſecret beds,
Where ſleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, ſulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
Pollute the ſky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch etherial rous'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while, all is calm below, 1115
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rools o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt leaf without a breath. 1120
Prone, to the loweſt vale, the ærial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by man forſook, 1125
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.
'Tis liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all:

When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far South, eruptive through the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightening flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe abounds: till over-head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.
Down comes the deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke, above, the ſmouldering pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs groupe the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repurcuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh,
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far-ſeen, the heights of heathy Chiviot blaze,
And Thule bellows through her utmoſt iſles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought,
And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
Defcends the fatal flafh. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchlefs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The fame, diftinguifh'd by their fex alone:
Hers the mild luftre of the blooming morn, 1175
And his the radiance of the rifen day.
They lov'd: but fuch their guilelefs paffion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undiffembled truth.
'Twas friendfhip heighten'd by the mutual wifh, 1180
Th' enchanting hope, and fympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer felf;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the fhades, 1185
Still in harmonious intercourfe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or figh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So pafs'd their life, a clear united ftream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1190
The tempeft caught them on the tender walk,
Heedlefs how far, and where its mazes ftray'd,
While, with each other bleft, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden fmile around.
Prefaging inftant fate her bofom heav'd 1195
Unwonted fighs, and ftealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on Celadon, her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her difordered cheek.
In vain affuring love, and confidence
In heaven repref's'd her fear; it grew, and fhook 1200
Her frame near diffolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying faints, his eyes compaffion fhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he faid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ftranger to offence, 1205
And inward ftorm! he who yon fkies involves
In frowns of darknefs, ever fmiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the fecret fhaft

That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus
To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Myſterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
Forever ſilent and forever ſad.

As from the face of heaven the ſhatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields; and Nature ſmiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs man,
Moſt-favor'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd,
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe chryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted landſkip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.

His ebon treſſes and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge; and through the obedient wave, 1250
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humor leads, an eaſy-winding path:
While, from his poliſh'd ſides, a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round. 1255
This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer-heats;
Nor, when cool Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak ſhivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd, 1260
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame Roman arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave. 1265
E'en from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.
Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat, 1270
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Muſidora's cruelty complain'd. 1275
She felt his flame: but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd; ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs. 1280
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant paſſion-ſtruggled there,
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! *conducted* by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Muſidora ſought:

Alas! not favor'd less, be still as now
Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb 1370
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below, 1375
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
To whose exalting eye, a fairer world, 1385
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Display its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance; 1390
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk:
By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course? 1400
The choice perplexes. Wherefore shall we chuse?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? Or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend, 1405
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,

Thy hill, delightful *Shene: Here let us ſweep
The boundleſs landſkip; now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting ſwift, to huge Auguſta ſend,
Now to the †Siſter-hill's that ſkirt her plain, 1410
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majeſtic Windſor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the ſilver Thames firſt rural grows. 1415
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray:
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendant woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, ſtooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd, 1420
With her the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queenſbury yet laments his Gay,
And poliſh'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs Vale of Thames;
Fair-winding up to where the Muſes haunt 2425
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The ‡healing god to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrac'd height, and Eſher's groves,
Where in the ſweeteſt ſolitude embraç'd
By the ſoft windings of the ſilent Mole, 1430
From courts and ſenates Pelham finds repoſe.
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muſe
Has of Achaia or Heſperia ſung!
O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly ſwelling hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies, 1435
And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſkip into ſmoke decays! 1440
Happy Britania! where the Queen of Arts,

*The old name of Richmond, ſignifying, in Saxon, ſhining or ſplendor.

† Highgate and Hampſtead.

‡ In his laſt ſickneſs.

Inſpiring vigor, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, e'en to thy fartheſt cots,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.
Rich is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime; 1445
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains, flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while, roving round their ſides,
Below the blackening herds in luſty droves, 1450
Beneath thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd and unwearied, in his guarded toil. 1455
Full are thy cities with the ſons of art;
And trade and joy, in every buſy ſtreet,
Mingling are heard: e'en Drudgery himſelf,
As at the ear he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone looks gay. Thy crowded ports, 1460
Where riſing maſts and endleſs proſpect yield,
With labor burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurried ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind. 1465
Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd.
Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt
Or on the liſted plain, or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful ſires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet, like the muſtering thunder when provok'd, 1475
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim oppreſſion groan.
Thy ſons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the ſplendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
Combine; whoſe hallow'd name the virtues ſaint,

And *his own* Muſes love; the beſt of *kings!*
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys ſhine,
Names dear to Fame; the firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
That awes her genius ſtill. In *ſtateſmen* thou,
And *patriots*, fertile, Thine a ſteady More,
Who with a generous, though miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's uſeful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Ariſtides juſt, 1490
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal and wiſe, a Walſingham is thine;
A Drake, who made the miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the ſcourge of Spain! whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500
Nor ſunk his vigor, when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
Then active ſtill, and unreſtrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt, 1505
And with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant Sidney paſs, 1510
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd.
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illuſtrious land,
Wiſe, ſtren'ous, firm, of unſumbmitting ſoul,
Who ſtem'd the torrent of a downward age 1515
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of *men* effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew

The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk 1525
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the * British Cassius, fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
Soon as the light of dawning science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon; Hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm, but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course: him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear, 1540
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd,
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cowl'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that slow ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heav'n again.
The generous † Ashley thine, the friend of man; 1550
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search 1555
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?

* Algernon Sidney.

† *Anthony Ashley* Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Let Newton, *pure Intelligence*, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast? 1565
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden, fair as Heaven sublime. 1570
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spencer, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, poured his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse
Well-moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my song soften, as thy Daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own, 1580
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance and taste: the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting o'er the face diffuses blow, 1585
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast; 1590
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round the rocky coast, set up, 1595
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of *distant* nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm,

Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave. 1600
O Thou! by whoſe almighty *nod* the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving virtues round the land,
In bright patrol white Peace and ſocial Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears through ſmiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; ſound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chaſtity,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along, 1610
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough Induſtry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*; 1615
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great deſign.
Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds 1620
Aſſembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his ſitting throne,
Air, earth and ocean ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary chariot ſought the bowers
Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs, 1625
(So Grecian fable ſung) he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.
Forever running an enchanted round,
Paſſes the day, deceitful, vain and void; 1630
As fleets the viſion o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
Who, all day long in ſordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf a uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modeſt worth.

But to the generous ſtill-improving mind, 1640
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture only to be felt. 1645
  Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow extinguiſh'd clouds,
All ether ſoftening, ſober evening takes,
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air;
A thouſand *ſhadows* at her back. Firſt *this*,
She ſends on earth; then *that* a deeper dye 1650
Steals ſoft behind: and then a *deeper* ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn; 1655
While the quail clamors for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains: thoughtful to feed 1660
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd ſeed ſhe wings.
  His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail: 1665
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unkowing what the joy-mix'd anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs, o'er many a panting height, 1670
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry to paſs
The ſummer-night, as village ſtories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave 1675
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhunn'd; whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd 1685
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from the imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1690
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary viſion turns; where, leading ſoft,
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines: and from her genial riſe, 1695
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns, the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky: or horizontal dart 1700
In wondrous ſhapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace 1705
Returning, with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends;
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heaven's,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whoſe godlike minds philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting ſpurns
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While, from his far excurſions through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,

In seeming terror clad but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Lo[illegible]
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to [illegible]
Reviving moisture on the numerous o[illegible] 1725
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song! 1730
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735
Hence through her nourish'd pow'rs, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and angle-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects, to Him, 1745
The world-producing essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the *Last* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind! 1755
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!
Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art, 1760
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,

Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
Mechanic; nor the heaven conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
Mother ſevere of infinite delights;
Nothing, ſave rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770
And woes on woes, a ſtill revolving train!
Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
Than non-exiſtence worſe; but, taught by thee
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775
Embelliſh life. While thus laborious crouds
Ply the tough oar, Philoſophy directs
The ruling helm, or like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, inviſible, the ſail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780
Nor to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785
Of the Sole Being right, who *ſpoke the Word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom ſwift ſhe turns
Her eye; and inſtant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear; 1790
Compound, divide, and into order ſhift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train;
To reaſon then, deducing truth from truth;
An notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins 1795
The world of ſpirits, actions all, and life
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, ſits deep.
Enough for us to know, that this dark ſtate,
In wayward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits, 1800
This infancy of being cannot prove
The final iſſue of the works of God,
By boundleſs Love and perfect Wiſdom form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing mind.

Josephine Hardy

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry, raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting; their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation: the prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the ſickle and the wheaten ſheaf,
While AUTUMN nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry froſt
Nitrous prepared; the various bloſſom'd Spring 5
Put in white promiſe forth; and Summer ſuns
Concocted ſtrong, ruſh boundleſs now to view,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.
ONSLOW! the Muſe ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inſpire, and dignify her ſong, 10
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares ſhe knows,
The patriot-virtues that diſtend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy boſom glow;
While liſtening ſenates hang upon thy tongue, 15
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods ſweeter than her ſong.
But ſhe too pants for public virtue; ſhe,
Though weak of power, yet ſtrong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country ruſhes on her heart 20
Aſſumes a nobler note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beautious days,
And Libra weighs in equal ſcales the year:
From Heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence ſhook 25
Of parting Summer, a ſerener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide inveſts
The happy world. Attemper'd ſuns ariſe,
Sweet beam'd, and ſhedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleaſing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30
Extenſive harveſts hang the heavy head.
Rich, ſilent, deep, they ſtand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air

Falls from its poiſe, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the ſky;
The clouds fly different; and the ſudden ſun
By fits effulgent, gilds the illumin'd field,
And black by fits the ſhadows ſweep along.
A gaily-checker'd, heart-expanding view, 40
Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a flood of corn.
  Theſe are thy bleſſings, induſtry! rough power:
Whom labor ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain;
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art, 45
And all the ſoft civility of life;
Raiſer of human kind! by nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in the unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallow'd what the liberal hand 55
Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year:
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt and comfortleſs, when the bleak north, 60
With Winter charg'd, let the mixt tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter breathing froſt:
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort 65
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
E'en deſolate in crowds; and thus his days 70
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time! till Induſtry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out

Where lavish Nature, the directing hand
Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent and the gather'd blast:
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, or flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generos glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But still advancing bolder led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace;
And breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.
Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd
And form'd a Public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented *whole;*
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of the search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;

And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody hau ✶s, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong-ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.
Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; choak'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty, and thy ſtream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods,
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd regular, to harmony; around,
The boat light-ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak
To bear the Britiſh thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.
Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores: the canvaſs ſmooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-fluſh'd.
All is the gift of Induſtry; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter cheer'd by him,
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along:
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering ſong.
Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,

To bear the rougher part, and mitigate, 155
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you; 170
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they like the dewy ſtar 200
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovlineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills, 210
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild!
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia: till, at length compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command, 215
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich,
Who led the rural life in all its joy,
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong 220
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy, with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train 225
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd. 230
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,

Should his heart own a gleaner in the field: 235
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
And more than vulgar goodness seems to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his house, his lands, 245
And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak 255
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once. 260
Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains? 265
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring! 270
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!

Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair, 275
Though poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
Beat keen and heavy, on thy tender years?
O let me now into a richer ſoil
Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and ſhowers,
Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt, influence; 280
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
It ill befits thee, oh! it ill befits
Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
Though vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick 285
The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt fields,
Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine; 290
If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul, 295
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs, irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent. 300
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam 305
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offſpring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round. 310
Defeating oft the labors of the year,
The ſultry South collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt, the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling tops; and ſtill a murmur runs

ıg the ſoft inclining fields of corn. 315
ıs the ærial tempeſt fuller ſwells,
in one mighty ſtream, inviſible,
enſe, the whole excited atmoſphere,
ɛtuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world:
n'd to the root, the ſtooping foreſts pours 320
ſtliſh ſhower of yet untimely leaves;
ı-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
ı the bare wild, the diſſipated ſtorm,
ſend it in a torrent down the vale.
ɔs'd, and naked, to its utmoſt rage, 325
ɔugh all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,
billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
ıgh pliant to the blaſt its ſeizing force;
/hirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
ɔk waſte. And ſometimes too a burſt of rain, 330
ɔt from the black horizon, broad deſcends
ıe continuous flood. Still over head
mingling tempeſt weaves its gloom, and ſtill
deluge deepens; till the fields around
ſunk, and flatted in the ſordid wave, 335
len the ditches ſwell! the meadows ſwim;
, from the hills innumerable ſtreams
ıultuous roar; and high above its banks
river lift: before whoſe ruſhing tide,
ls, flocks, and harveſts, cottages and ſwains, 340
mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd,
ne wild moment ruin'd the big hopes,
well earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
to ſome eminence, the huſbandman
ɔleſs beholds the miſerable wreck 345
ing along: his drowning ox that once
ending, with his labors ſcatter'd round,
ees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
ıes Winter unprovided, and a train
ɛlamant children dear. Ye maſters, then, 350
ıindful of the rough laborious hand
ı ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
nindful of thoſe limbs in ruſſet clad,
ſe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride

And, oh! be mindful of that ſparing board 355
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle, and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have ſwep'd away.
Here the rude clamor of the ſportſman's joy, 360
The gun faſt thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the *rural game*;
How, in his mid-career, the ſpaniel ſtruck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open noſe
Out ſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, *draws* full; 365
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey:
As in the ſun the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
Through the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret eye.
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat 370
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Though borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions: and again, 375
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
Theſe are not ſubjects for the peaceful Muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs ſong; 380
Then moſt delighted when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falſely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth 385
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long
Urg'd by neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhun'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant man, 390
Who with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate wrath
Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,
For ſport alone purſues the cruel chace,

the beamings of the gentle days, 395
ıid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
unger kindles you, and lawlefs want;
ıvifh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
y at anguifh and delight in blood,
at your horrid bofoms never knew. 400
ɔr is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
l from the corn, and now to fome lone feat
d: the rufhy fen; the ragged furze,
h'd o'er the ftony heath; the ftubble chapt;
hiftly lawn; the thick entangled broom; 405
ıe fame friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
'allow ground laid open to the fun,
oftive: and the nodding fandy bank,
; o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.
'is her beft precaution; though fhe fits 410
eal'd, with folded ears; unfleeping eyes,
'ature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
ıead couch'd clofe betwext her hairy feet,
t to fpring away. The fcented dew
ys her early labyrinth: and deep, 415
ıtter'd ful en openings, far behind,
ı every breeze fhe hears the coming ftorm,
ıearer, and more frequent, as it loads
fighing gale, fhe fprings amaz'd, and all
favage foul of game is up at once; 420
ɔack full-opening, various; the fhrill horn,
ınding from the hills; the neighing fteed,
l for the chace; and the loud hunter's fhout;
a weak, harmlefs, flying creature, all
d in mad tumult and difcordant joy. 425
ıe ftag too, fingled from the herd, where long
ang'd the branching monarch of the fhades,
ıe the tempeft drives. At firft, in fpeed
prightly puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
:s all his fwift ærial foul to flight; 430
nft the breeze he darts, that way the more
eave the leffening murderous cry behind;
:ption fhort! though fleeter than the winds
'n o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the North,

He burſts the thickets, glances through the glades, 435
And plunges deep into the wildeſt wood.
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the track
Hot-ſteaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman route, and from the ſhady depth
Expel him, circling through his every ſhift. 440
He ſweeps the foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
The glades, mild-opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind conteſt, with his butting friends
He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full deſcending flood he tries 445
To loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides:
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? his once ſo vivid nerves,
So full of buoyont ſpirit, now no more 450
Inſpire the courſe; but fainting breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart; he ſtands at bay;
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh; while the growling pack, 455
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous checker'd ſides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the ſylvan youth,
Whoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chaſe; behold, deſpiſing flight, 460
The rous'd-up lion, reſolute and ſlow,
Advancing full on the portended ſpear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his ſhaggy foe 495
Vindictive fix; and let the ruffian die,
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction to the monſter's heart,
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
Theſe Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then, 470
Your ſportive fury, pityleſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chaſe purſue.

Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge 475
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear feerless, of the raging instinct full:
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy following up the space between, 485
Pour all your speed into the rapid game:
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious, he beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honors grac'd; the fox's fur 495
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antique figures fierce,
The stag's large front; he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With fates Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.
But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which with desperate knife, 505
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
While hence they borrow vigor: or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
Relating all the glories of the chace.
Then sated hunger bids his brother thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round

A potent gale, delicious as the breath 515
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting in his brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his lark retreat 520
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, whilst a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
Wreath'd, fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.
At last these pulling idlenesses laid 530
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but, earnest, brimming bowls 535
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart:
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul; 545
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,
The laugh, the flap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook the kennell'd hounds,
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest that has vex'd the deep 550
The dark long night, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,

Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
Like the ſun wading through the miſty ſky,
Then ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glaſſes and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table e'en itſelf was drunk,
Lie a wet broken ſcene; and wide below, 560
Is heap'd the ſocial ſlaughter: where aſtride
The *lubber Power* in filth triumph ſits,
Slumbrous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
And ſteeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
Perhaps ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
Awful and deep, a black abyſs of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buryed flock
Retiring, full of rumination ſad,
Laments the weakneſs of theſe latter times.
But if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport 570
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the Britiſh fair.
Far be the ſpirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill,
To ſpring the fence, to reign the prancing ſteed; 575
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire;
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave 580
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink,
Unequal then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging man. 585
O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Through Love's enchanting wilds purſu'd, yet fled
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs! 590
And, faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſlep,

Diſcloſing motion in its every charm, 595
To ſwim along and ſwell the mazy dance,
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn ;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
To lend new flavor to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties : in their race 600
To rear their graces into ſecond life ;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte ;
Well-order'd home man's beſt delight to make ;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care eluding art, 605
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life :
This be the female dignity, and praiſe !
Ye ſwains, now haſten to the hazel bank ;
Where, down yon dale the wildly-winding brook 610
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe ; the cluſtering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade ; 615
And, where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigor cruſhes down the tree ;
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning huſk,
A gloſſy ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair : 620
Melinda ! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet theſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe.
Hence from the buſy joy-reſounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625
Of Autumn, unconfin'd ; and taſte, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow ſhower
Inceſſant melts away. The juicy pear 630
Lies, in a ſoft profuſion, ſcatter'd round.
A various ſweetneſs ſwells the gentle race :
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;
Of temper'd ſun, and water, earth, and air,

In ever changing compoſition mix'd. 635
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant ſtores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the luſty handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the bluſhing orchard ſhakes.
A various ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen, 640
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirſty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon inſpirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the ſecond thou
Who nobly durſt, in rhyme-unfetter'd verſe, 645
With Britiſh freedom, ſing the Britiſh ſong:
How, from Silurian vats, high ſparkling wines
Foam in tranſparent floods; ſome ſtrong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the laboring hind;
And taſteful ſome, to cool the ſummer hours. 650
In this glad ſeaſon, while his ſweeteſt beams
The ſun ſheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh loſe me in the green delightful walks
Of Doddington, thy ſeat, ſerene and plain;
Where ſimple Nature reigns, and every view, 655
Diffuſive, ſpreads the pure Dorſetian downs,
In boundleſs proſpect: yonder ſhagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks!
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-ſplendid, ſeizes on the raviſh'd eye. 660
New beauties riſe with each revolving day;
New columns ſwell; and ſtill the freſh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green,
Full of thy genius all! the Muſes' ſeat:
Where in the ſecret bower, and winding walk, 665
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the reſtleſs thirſt
Of thy applauſe, I ſolitary court
Th' inſpiring breeze; and meditate the Book
Of Nature, ever-open; aiming thence, 670
Warm from the heart to learn the moral ſong.
Here, as I ſteal along the ſunny wall,
Where Autumn baſks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleaſing theme continual promps my thought:

Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb: 675
The ruddy, fragrant, nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the South;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of far extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs, 685
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze,
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes 690
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavor by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 695
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That, by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy: 700
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy while we drain the bowl;
The mellow tasted Burgundy, and quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense

Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715
The huge duſt, gradual, ſwallows up the plain:
Vaniſh the woods; the dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen and ſlow, to roll the miſty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppreſs'd the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted ray: 720
Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and wilder'd o'er the waſte
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt 725
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, ſits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world, and mingling thick,
A formleſs grey confuſion covers all;
As when of old (ſo ſung the Hebrew bard) 730
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way, nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
  Theſe roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoke along the hilly country, theſe, 735
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine ſnows,
The mountain-ciſterns fill, thoſe ample ſtores
Of water, ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence guſh the ſtreams, the ceaſeleſs fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
Some ſages ſay, that, where the numerous wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding ſhore,
Drill'd through the ſandy ſtratum, every way,
The waters with the ſandy ſtratum riſe;
Amid thoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd, 745
They joyful leave their ſhaggy ſalts behind,
And clear and ſweeten as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Though oft amidſt th' irriguous vale it ſprings;
But to the mountain courted by the ſand, 750
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent main, it boils again
Freſh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills. But hence this vain

Amusive dream! why should the waters love 755
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire: why should they sudden stop 760
Among the broken mountains rushy dells,
And ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive land that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choak 765
Their secret channels: or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again. 770
Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores,
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius, given to man, 775
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods, 780
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hæmus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O, from the sounding summits of the North, 785
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinovia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil:
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ 790
Belives the *stony girdle of the world:

* *The Muscovites* call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Camenypoys, *that is, the great stony* girdle: because they suppose them to encompass *the whole earth.*

And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in ſtorm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her onely floods;
O ſweep th' eternal ſnows! hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his ſounding baſe, 795
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His ſubterranean wonders ſpread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyſſinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending † Mountains of the moon! 800
O'ertopping all theſe giant-ſons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the ſtormy ſeas that thunder round
The ſouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing ſcene! Behold! the glooms diſcloſe, 805
I ſee the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them lab'ring to get free!
I ſee the leaning ſtrata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fiſſures to receive the rains,
The melting ſnows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
Strow'd bibulous above I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy running clefts;
That while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit, 815
Retard its motion and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſyphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs of harden'd chalk,
Or ſtiff compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
O'erflowing thence the congregated ſtores,
The chryſtal treaſures of the liquid world,
Through the ſtirr'd ſands a bubbling paſſage burſt;
And wheeling out around the middle ſteep,
Or from the bottoms of the boſom'd hills, 825
In pure effuſion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling ſun, the vapour-burthen'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd

* A range of mountains in Africa, that ſurround almoſt all Monomotapa.

Thefe vapours in continual current draw,
And fend them, o'er the fair divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A focial commerce hold, and firm fupport
The full-adjufted harmony of things.
When Autumn featters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd play
The fwallow people; and tofs'd wide around
O'er the calm fky in convolution fwift,
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry flumbers they retire,
In clufters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by froft, the cavern fweat:
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of feafon, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for thronging now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
Where the Rhine lofes his majeftic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the ftrong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The ftork affembly meets; for many a day,
Confulting deep, and various ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid fky.
And now their route defign'd, their leaders chofe
Their tribes adjufted, clean'd their vigorous wing
And many a circle, many a fhort effay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight afcends; and riding high
The ærial billows, mixes with the clouds.
Or where the Northern ocean in vaft whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy ifles
Of farthefl Thule, and th' Atlantic furge
Pours in among the ftormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what tranfmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arife?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude refounding fhore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmlefs native his fmall flock,
nd herd diminutive of many hues, 870
nds on the little ifland's verdant fwell,
e fhepherd's fea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
ire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
r fweeps the fifhy fhore; or treafures up
e plumage, rifing full, to form the bed 875
f luxury. And here awile the Mufe,
igh hovering, o'er the broad cerulean fcene,
es Caledonia in romantic view;
er airy mountains, from the waving main,
ivefted with a keen diffufive fky, 880
reathing the foul acute; her forefts huge,
icult, robuft, and tall, by Nature's hand
lanted of old; her azure lakes between,
our'd out extenfive, and of watry wealth
ill; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales; 885
Vith many a cool tranflucent brimming flood
Vafh'd lovely from the Tweed (pure *parent-ftream*,
Vhofe paftoral banks firft heard my Doric reed,
Vith fylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
o where the north-inflated tempeft foams 890
'er Orca's to Betubium's higheft peak:
urfe of a people, in misfortune's fchool
rain'd up to hardy deeds: foon vifited
y learning, when before the Gothic rage
he took her weftern flight. A manly race, 895
f unfubmitting fpirit, wife, and brave;
Vho ftill through bleeding ages ftruggled hard,
As well unhappy Wallace can atteft,
reat patriot-hero! ill requited chief!)
o hold a generous undiminifh'd ftate; 900
oo much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
mpatient, and by tempting glory borne
'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profufe, their piercing genius plann'd
And fwell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil. 905
As from their own clear North in radiant ftreams,
Bright over Europe burfts the Boreal morn.
Oh, is their not fome patriot, in whofe power

That beſt, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
Of bleſſing thouſands, thouſands yet unborn,
Through late poſterity? Some, large of ſoul,
To cheer dejected induſtry? To give
A double harveſt to the pining ſwain?
And teach the lab'ring hand the ſweets of toil?
How, by the fineſt art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with vent'rous oar
How to daſh the wide billow; nor look on,
Shamefully paſſive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny ſwarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our ſhores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouſe and wing
The proſperous ſail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd round the ſea-encircled globe;
And thus, in ſoul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the miſtreſs of the deep?
Yes, ſuch there are. And full on thee, Argyle!
Her hope, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,
From her firſt patriots, and her heroes ſprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wiſdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honor, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of ſulphurous War, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor leſs the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy ſword from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes! too, whom every worth attends,
As truth ſincere, as weeping friendſhip kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd,
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.
But, ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,

Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage duſk, and dun, 950
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
Low whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown walks,
And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.
Mean-time, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm 955
Fleeces unbounded ether; whoſe leaſt wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And through their lucid veil, his ſoften'd force 960
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For thoſe whom wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate croud,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet; 965
To ſoothe the throbbing paſſions into peace:
And woo lone quiet in her ſilent walks.
Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And through the ſadden'd grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply ſome widow'd ſongſter pours her plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copſe;
While congregated thruſhes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late 975
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades,
Robb'd of their tuneful ſouls, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead tree, a dull deſpondent flock,
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chattering diſcord in their note. 980
O, let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,
The gun, the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miſerable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground! 985
The pale deſcending year yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove;

Or ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles through the waving air. 990
But ſhould a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the ſky the leafy deluge ſtreams;
Till choak'd and matted with the dreary ſhower,
The foreſt-walks, at every riſing gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waſte, and whiſtle bleak. 995
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields;
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their ſunny robes reſign'd. E'en what remain'd
Of ſtronger fruits fall from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
The deſolated proſpect thrills the ſoul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philoſophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the ſudden ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005
The ſoften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes;
Inflames imagination; through the breaſt
Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far 1010
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd faſt into the mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe, 1015
As varied and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh,
To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering worth 1020
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory through remoteſt time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame; 1025
The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip dear;
With all the ſocial offspring of the heart.
Oh, bear me then to vaſt embowering ſhades,
To twilight groves and viſionary vales;

To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms; 1030
Where angel-forms athwart the ſolemn duſk,
Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic ear!
Or is this gloom too much! Then lead, ye powers
That o'er the garden and the rural ſeat
Preſide, which, ſhining through the peaceful land
In countleſs numbers, bleſt Britannia ſees;
O, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majeſtic paradiſe of Stowe!* 1040
Not Perſian Cyrus on Ionia's ſhore
E'er ſaw ſuch ſylvan ſcenes; ſuch various art
By genius fir'd, ſuch ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that in the ſtrife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boaſt,
There let me ſit beneath the ſheltered ſlopes,
Or in that † temple, where, in future times,
Thou well ſhalt merit a diſtinguiſh'd name;
And, with thy converſe bleſt, catch the laſt ſmiles 1050
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' inchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land:
Will from thy ſtandard taſte, refine her own; 1055
Correct her pencil to the pureſt truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpaſſioned ſhades
Forſaking, raiſe it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter ſhe, with *juſter* hand,
Shall draw the tragic ſcene, inſtruct her thou 1060
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every paſſion ſpeaks: O, through her ſtrain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive ſenate, charms, perſuades, exalts, 1065
Of honeſt zeal, th' indignant lightning throws,

* *The ſeat of Lord Viſcount Cobham.*

† *The temple of Virtue in Stow-Gardens.*

And ſhakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elyſian Vale
Delighted rove, perhaps a ſigh eſcapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files 1070
Of order'd trees ſhouldſt here inglorious range,
Inſtead of ſquadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hoſts! when the proud foe,
The faithleſs vain diſturber of mankind,
Inſulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war: 1075
When keen, once more, within their bounds to preſs
Thoſe poliſhed robbers, thoſe ambitious ſlaves,
The Britiſh youth would hail thy wiſe command,
Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran ſkill.
The weſtern ſun withdraws the ſhorten'd day: 1080
And humid evening gliding o'er the ſky,
In her chill progreſs, to the ground condens'd,
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marſhes ſtagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluſter the rolling fogs, and ſwim along 1085
The duſky mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd and breaking through the ſcatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad viſage in the crimſon'd Eaſt.
Turn'd to the ſun direct, her ſpotted diſk,
Where mountains riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube deſcries, 1091
A ſmaller earth gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame and ſheds a ſofter day.
Now through the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop;
Now up the pure cerulean rides ſublime. 1095
Wide the pale deluge floats, and ſtreaming mild
O'er the ſky'd mountain to the ſhadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with the boundleſs tide
Of ſilver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100
But when half-blotted from the ſky her light,
Fainting, permits the ſtarry fires to burn
With keener luſtre through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And ſcarce appears, of ſickly beamleſs white; 1105
Oft in this ſeaſon, ſilent from the North

A blaze of meteors ſhoots: enſweeping firſt
The lower ſkies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapſing quick, as quickly re-aſcend, 1110
And mix, and thwart, extinguiſh and renew,
All ether courſing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contageous through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous ſhapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array, 1115
Throng'd with ærial ſpears, and ſteeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commix'd, the ſanguine flood
Rolls a broad ſlaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they ſcan the viſionary ſcene, 1120
On all ſides ſwells the ſuperſtitious din,
Incontinent; and buſy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in ſwallowing earthquake ſunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce aſcending flame; 1125
Of fallow famine, inundation, ſtorm;
Of peſtilence, and every great diſtreſs;
Empire ſubvers'd, when ruling fate has ſtruck
Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
Not ſo the man of philoſophic eye,
And inſpect ſage; the waving brightneſs he
Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know
The cauſes and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new. 1135
Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A ſhade immenſe. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vaſt, are heaven and earth,
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Diſtinction loſt; and gay variety 1140
One univerſal blot: ſuch the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the ſtate of the benighted wretch,
Who then bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge; 1145
Nor viſited by one directive ray,

From cottage ſtreaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he ſtumbles on,
Struck from the root of ſlimy ruſhes, blue,
The wild-fire ſcatters round, or gather'd trails 1150
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moſs:
Whither decoy'd by the fantaſtic blaze,
Now loſt and now renew'd, he ſinks abſorpt,
Rider and horſe amid the miry gulph:
While ſtill, from day to day, his pining wife 1155
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture loſt. At other times,
Sent by the better *Genius* of the night,
Innoxious gleaming on the horſe's mane,
The meteor ſits, and ſhews the narrow path, 1160
That winding leads through pits of death, or elſe
Inſtructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning ſhines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the laſt autumnal day. 1165
And now the mounting ſun diſpels the fog;
The rigid hoar-froſt melts before his beam;
And hung on every ſpray, on every blade
Of graſs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah ſee, where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170
Lies the ſtill heaving hive! at evening ſnatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er ſulphur: while not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning ſchemes 1175
Of temperance, for winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious ſtores.
Sudden the dark oppreſſive ſteam aſcends;
And, us'd to milder ſcents, the tender race,
By thouſands, tumble from their honey'd domes, 1180
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the duſt.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent, from flower to flower? For this you toil'd
Ceaſeleſs the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn ſearch'd the blooming waſte, 1185
Nor loſt one ſunny gleam? for this ſad fate?

O, man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall proſtrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
Muſt you deſtroy? Of their ambroſial food 1190
Can you not borrow; and, in juſt return,
Afford them ſhelter from the wintry winds:
Or, as the ſharp year pinches with their own
Again regale them on ſome ſmiling day?
See where the ſtony bottom of their town 1195
Looks deſolate and wild; with here and there
A helpleſs number, who the ruin'd ſtate
Survive, lamenting, weak, caſt out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
At theatre or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep,
(As late Palermo, was thy fate) is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd,
Sheer from the black foundation, ſtench involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue ſulphureous flame. 1205
Hence every harſher ſight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
Infinite ſplendor! wide inveſting all.
How ſtill the breeze! ſave what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate bruſhes from the plain, 1210
How clear the cloudleſs ſky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' etherial arch
How ſwell'd immenſe! amid whoſe azure thron'd
The radiant ſun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harveſt-treaſures all 1215
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of ſtorms,
Sure to the ſwain; the circling fence ſhut up;
And inſtant Winter's utmoſt rage defy'd;
While, looſe to feſtive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud ſincerity of mirth, 1220
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth
By the quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toaſt,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
Darts not unmeaning looks; and where her eye

Points an approving ſmile with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age too ſhines out; and garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That with to-morrow's ſun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.
Oh, knew he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd, 1235
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.
What though the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What though the glittering robe, 1240
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with maſſy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What though from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life 1245
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What though his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hour in idle ſtate? 1250
What though he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys,
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd 1255
To diſappointment and fallacious hope;
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap:
Theſe are not wanting: nor the milky drove
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees inviting ſleep ſincere 12

Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. 1270
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsulli'd beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labor, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275
Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widows wail, 1280
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry,
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd on by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let *this* through cities work his eager way, 1285
By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right.
An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And *day to day*, through the revolving year; 1305
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;

Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart:
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates, writes; and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and through the tepid gleams
Deep-muſing, then he *beſt* exerts his ſong.
E'en Winter wild to him, is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the bury'd earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies
Diſclos'd and kindled by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers,
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,

And guilty cities, never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself with man!
Oh Nature! all-sufficient! over all! 1350
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws, 1355
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there,
Thrust, blooming thence the vegitable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind, 1360
The varied scene of quick-compounding thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood, 1365
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song; 1370
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to the Earl of Wilmington. Firſt approach of Winter. According to the natural courſe of the ſeaſon, various ſtorms deſcribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the ſnows: a man periſhing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miſeries of human life. The wolves deſcending from the Alps and Appennines. A winter evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſophers; by the country people; in the city. Froſt. A view of winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future ſtate.

WINTER.

SEE! WINTER comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and ſad, with all his riſing train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be theſe my theme,
Theſe! that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
And heavenly muſing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careleſs ſolitude, I liv'd,
And ſung of Nature with unceaſing joy,
Pleas'd have I wandered through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-ſnows, myſelf as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burſt;
Or ſeen the deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd
In the grim evening-ſky. Thus paſs'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the South, 15
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and ſmil'd.
To thee, the patron of her *firſt* eſſay,
The Muſe, O WILMINGTON! renews her ſong.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to riſe;
Then ſwept o'er Autumn with the ſhadowy gale;
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar;
To ſwell her note with all the ruſhing winds; 25
To ſuit her ſounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in awful ſchemes alone, 30
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm unſhaken uncorrupted ſoul
Amid the ſliding age, and burning ſtrong,

Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
A ſteady ſpirit regularly free;
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muſe
Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40
Now when the cheerleſs empire of the ſky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius ſtains the inverted year;
Hung o'er the fartheſt verge of heaven, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads through ether the dejected day. 45
Faint are his gleams, an ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern ſky;
And, ſoon deſcending to the long dark night, 50
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Meantime, in ſable tincture, ſhadows vaſt,
Deep ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven
Involve the face of things. Thus, Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppreſive o'er the world,
Through Nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe. 60
The ſoul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop: and o'er the furrow'd land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun-diſcolor'd flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root. 65
Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad Genius of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe diſjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan, 70
Reſounding long in liſtening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyleſs rains obſcure
Drive through the mingling ſkies with vapour foul;

Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
Each to his home retire, save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask with meaning low, their wanted stalls, 85
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivning blaze, and taleful there 90
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'er spread, 95
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrubt, and sounding far:
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,
Between two meeting hills it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your ærial magazines reserv'd,

To ſwell the brooding terrors of the ſtorm?
In what far diſtant region of the ſky,
Huſh'd in deep ſilence, ſleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd; red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey; while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd Eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe, emit a ſhiver'd ray;
Or frequent ſeen to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd noſtrils to the ſky up-turn'd,
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale.
E'en as the matron, at her nightly taſk,
With penſive labor draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crakling flame
Foretel the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their ſcanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And ſeek the cloſing ſhelter of the grove;
Aſſiduous in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his ſad ſong. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and ſcreams along the land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling ſea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the ſhore,
Eat into caverns by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountain, comes a voice,
That, ſolemn-ſounding, bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm, with ſudden burſt,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,

Down in a torrent. On the paſſive main 155
Deſcends th' ethereal force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from its bottom the diſcolour'd deep.
Through the black night that ſits immenſe around,
Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging waves to burn: 160
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult ſwell'd, ſurge above ſurge,
Burſt into chaos, with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their ſtations drive,
Wild as the winds acroſs the howling waſte 165
Of mighty waters: now the inflated wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath, 170
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
And dart on diſtant coaſts; if ſome ſharp rock,
Or ſhoal inſiduous break not their career,
And in looſe fragments fling them floating round.
Nor leſs at land the looſen'd tempeſt reigns; 175
The mountain thunders; and its ſturdy ſons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade.
Lone on the midnight ſteep, and all aghaſt,
The dark way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
And often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt. 180
Low waves the rooted foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds
What of its tarniſh'd honors yet remain;
Daſh'd down, and ſcatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Aſſiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus ſtruggling through the diſſipated grove, 185
The whirling tempeſt raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the ſavage blaſt. 190
Then too, they ſay, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, ſhrill ſounds, and diſtant ſighs,
That utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With ſtars ſwift gliding, ſweep along the ſky.
All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempeſtuous darkneſs dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a calm; 200
Then ſtraight, air, ſea and earth are huſh'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious Night 205
And Contemplation, her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train! 210
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A ſcene of crude disjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd, 215
With new fluſh'd hopes to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou God ſupreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me thy ſelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul 220
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!
The keener tempeſts riſe; and, fuming dun
From all the livid Eaſt, or piercing North,
Thick clouds aſcend; in whoſe capacious womb 225
A vapoury deluge lies, to ſnow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the ſky ſaddens with the gather'd ſtorm.
Thro' the huſh'd air the whitening ſhower deſcends,
At firſt thin wavering; till at laſt the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and faſt, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cheriſh'd fields
Put on their winter robe of pureſt white.
'Tis brightneſs all; ſave where the new ſnow melts

Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
Bow their hoar heads; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox 240
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 259
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks, 260
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glist'ning earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds! to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will, lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
At one wide waft, and o'er the haplefs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms: till upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,

Tip'd with a wreathe high-curling in the sky. 275
As thus the snows arise; and foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air:
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the tho'ts of home; the tho'ts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks 305
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen. 310
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315

Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On ev'ry nerve
The deadly Winter ſeizes, ſhuts up ſenſe,
And o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffen'd corſe, 320
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte; 325
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the ſad variety of pain;
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed, 330
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man!
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs! how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
Of miſery! ſore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs Poverty! how many ſhake,
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe, 340
Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the Tragic Muſe!
E'en in the vale, where Wiſdom loves to dwell,
With Friendſhip, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop 345
In deep-retir'd diſtreſs! how many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh! Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life 350
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate.
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate; 355

The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill the ſocial paſſions work.
And here can I forget the generous band,*
Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail!
Unpitied, and unheard, where Mis'ry moans;
Where Sickneſs pines, where Thirſt and Hunger bur
And poor Misfortune feels the laſh of Vice.
While in the land of Liberty, the land
Whoſe ev'ry ſtreet and public meeting glow
With open Freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morſel from the ſtarving mouth;
Torn from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed,
E'en robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep.
The free-born Briton in the dungeon, chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes;
And cruſh'd out lives, by ſecret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.
O, great deſign! if executed well,
With patient care, and wiſdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye ſons of Mercy! yet reſume the ſearch;
Drag forth the legal monſters into light,
Wrench from their hands Oppreſſion's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The tolls of law, (what dark inſidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade)
How glorious were the day that ſaw theſe broke,
And every man within the reach of right!
By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the ſhining Alps,
And wavy Appennine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!

* *The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.*

Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend, 395
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought,
E'en Beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance 405
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
The disappointed prowlers fall and dig
The shrouded body from the grave, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts they howl.
Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell, 415
Oft rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering, down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.
Now, all amid the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene:
Where ruddy fire, and beaming tapers join 430
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,

As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume; and deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
That *voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
Great moral Teacher! *wisest of mankind!* 445
Solon the next, who built his common weal
On Equity's wide base; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
And of bold freedom they unequal'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece and human kind.
Lycurgus then who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
All human passions. Following him, I see, 450
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm devoted * chief, who prov'd by deeds
The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice 460
Of Freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *rival's* fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
Cimon, sweet-soul'd; whose genius rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of ev'ry worth, and ev'ry splendid art;
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth. 470
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,

* *Leonidas.* † Themistocles.

Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
Penſive appear. The fair Corinthian boaſt,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the *brother*, while the *tyrant* bled; 475
And equal to the beſt, the * Theban pair,
Whoſe virtues in heroic *concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He, too, with whom Athenian honor ſunk,
And left a maſs of ſordid lees behind, 480
Phocion the good, in public life ſevere,
To virtue ſtill inexorably firm:
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious roof,
Sweet Peace and happy Wiſdom ſmooth'd his brow;
Not Friendſhip ſofter was, nor Love more kind. 485
And he, the *laſt* of old Lycurgus' ſons;
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To ſave a rotten ſtate, Agis, who ſaw
E'en Sparta's ſelf to ſervile av'rice ſunk.
The two Archaian heroes cloſe the train. 490
Aratus, who a while relum'd the ſoul
Of fondly-ling'ring Liberty in Greece,
And he her darling, as her lateſt hope,
The *gallant* Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495
Or toiling in his farm, a ſimple ſwain,
Or bold and ſkilful thundering in the field.
Of rougher front a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in thoſe virtuous times
Which knew no ſtain, ſave that with partial flame, 500
Their *deareſt* country they *too fondly* lov'd.
Her *better founder* firſt, the light of Rome,
Numa, who ſoften'd her rapacious ſons.
Servious the king, who laid the ſolid baſe
On which o'er earth the *vaſt republic* ſpread. 505
Then the great Conſuls venerable riſe,
The † Public Father who the Private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal ſternly ſad;

* Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

† *Marcus* Junius Brutus.

He whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
Camillus only vengeful to her foes. 510
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus awful from the plough:
Thy willing * Victim, Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith 515
Imperious call'd, and Honor's dire command.
Scipio, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the *poetic shade*,
With friendship and philosophy retir'd. 520
Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome;
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in *extreme;*
And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urg'd, 525
Lifted the Roman *steel* against thy *friend.*
Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand: but who can count the stars of heav'n?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
Behold! who yonder comes, in sober state, 530
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain!
Great Homer, too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and *equal* by his side,
The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk, 535
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the moral scene;
Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre. 540
First of your kind! society divine!
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence! thou lonely power, the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 545
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd;

* *Regulus.*

Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudied wit and humor ever gay.
Or from the Muſes' hill with Pope deſcend, 550
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to bid it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart:
For though not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.
Where art thou Hammond? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah! why dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay.
Why wert thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon? 560
What now avails that noble thirſt of fame,
Which ſtung thy fervent breaſt! that treaſur'd ſtore
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To ſerve thy country, glowing in the band
Of Youthful Patriots, who ſuſtain'd her name? 565
What now, alas! that life diffuſing charm
Of ſprightly wit? that rapture for the Muſe,
That heart of friendſhip, and that ſoul of joy,
Which bade with ſofteſt light thy virtues ſmile?
Ah! only ſhew'd to check our fond purſuits, 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
Thus in ſome deep retirement would I paſs
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant ſoul,
Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the theme inſpir'd:
With them would ſearch, if Nature's boundleſs frame
Was call'd, late-riſing from the void of night,
Or ſprung *eternal* from the Eternal mind:
Its ſtile, its laws, its progreſs, and its end.
Hence larger proſpects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580
And each diffuſive harmony unite,
In full perfection, to th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Then would we try to ſcan the moral *world*,
Which though to us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 585
By wiſdom's fineſt hand, and iſſuing all
In general good. The ſage Hiſtoric Muſe

Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:
Shew us how empires grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray 595
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
Then even superior to ambition, we 600
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life; or snatch'd away by hope,
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
Of happiness and wonder; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is soil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting humor, grave himself, 615
Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all; 620
Or, frequent in the sounding hall they wake,
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes

Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
The city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt, 630
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe enchanted joy,
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph 635
Of total ruin, honor, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong ſink.
Up-ſprings the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolved a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering court effuſes every pomp; 640
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A ſoft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While a gay inſect in *his* ſummer ſhine,
The fop, light fluttering, ſpreads his mealy wings. 645
Dread o'er the ſcene the ghoſt of Hamlet ſtalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her ſoul in love.
Terror alarms the breaſt; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or elſe the Comic Muſe 650
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes ſly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes ſhe lifts her ſtrains and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; what'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * Bevil ſhew'd. 655
O, thou, whoſe wiſdom ſolid, yet refin'd,
Whoſe patriot virtues, and conſummate ſkill
To touch the finer ſprings that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can beſtow,
And all Apollo's animating fire, 660
Give thee with pleaſing dignity to ſhine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of poliſh'd life; permit the rural Muſe,
O, Cheſterfield, to grace with thee her ſong!
Ere to the ſhades again ſhe humbly flies, 66

* *A character* in the Conſcious Lovers, written by Sir Richard St

Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muſe has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accompliſh'd mind:
To mark that ſpirit, which, with Britiſh ſcorn,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670
That elegant politeneſs, which excels,
E'en in the judgment of preſumptuous France,
The boaſted manners of her ſhining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of ſenſe,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 675
And kind well-temper'd ſatire, ſmoothly keen,
Steals through the ſoul, and without pain corrects.
Or, riſing thence with yet a brighter flame,
O, let me hail thee on ſome glorious day,
When to the liſtening Senate, ardent, crowd 680
Britannia's ſons to hear her pleaded cauſe.
Then dreſt by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the ſoft robe of mild Perſuaſion wears;
Thou to aſſenting reaſon giv'ſt again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts: call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient paſſions on thy voice attend;
And e'en reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power: as through the vary'd maze
Of eloquence, now ſmooth, now quick, now ſtrong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muſe!
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Froſty ſucceed, and through the blue ſerene,
For ſight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
Killing infectious damps, and the ſpent air 695
Storing afreſh with elemental life.
Cloſe crowds the ſhining atmoſphere, and binds
Our ſtrengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, through the new-ſtrung nerves 700
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain;
Where ſits the ſoul intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the ſkies, and as the ſeaſon keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtleſs eye 705

In ruin ſeen. The froſt-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegatable ſoul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along 710
The purer rivers flow; their ſullen deeps,
Tranſparent open to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing froſt.
What art thou, Froſt! and whence are thy keen ſtores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading pow'r! 715
Whom e'en th' illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd or ſhap'd,
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Through water, earth and ether? Hence at eve, 720
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep ſuffus'd,
An icy gale, oft ſhifting o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſen'd ice, 725
Let down the flood, and half diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy bank,
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore, 730
The whole impriſon'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe; while, at his ev'ning watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall 735
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full-ethereal round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and all one cope 740
Of ſtarry glitter glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
Through the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes Nature faſt. It freezes on;
Till morn, late riſing o'er the drooping world,

Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labor of the silent night;
Prone from the dripping cave and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost work fair, 750
Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refin'd, the whiter snow, 755
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts wide o'er the snow
Pour a new pomp. Eager on rapid sleds
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long resounding course. Meantime, to raise 775
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost noon;
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray; 785

Or from the foreſt falls the cluſter'd ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe, who with the gun,
And dog impatient, bounding at the ſhot, 790
Worſe than the ſeaſon, deſolate the fields,
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd game.
But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of its grandeur, ſhould our eye 795
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the Frigid Zone,
Where, for relentleſs months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.
There, through the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape, 800
Wide-roams the Ruſſian exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſerts loſt in ſnow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and ſolid floods
That ſtretch athwart the ſolitary vaſt,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main, 805
And cheerleſs towns far diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich * Cathay,
With news of human kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet, cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte 810
The furry nations harbor: tip'd with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs:
Sables, of gloſſy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous ſtreak'd with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts. 815
There, warm'd together preſs'd the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n ſnow; and, ſcarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumbering ſullen in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race, with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain-heaps they puſh

* *The old name for China.*

Their beating breasts in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quiv'ring on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There, through the piny forest half absorp'd,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn:
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
Wide o'er the spacious regions of the North,
That see Bootes urge his tardy wain, 835
A boisterous race, by frosty *Caurus pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marble snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play

* The northwest wind.

† The wandering clans.

'ith double luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
'en in the depth of Polar Night, they find
wonderous day: enough to light the chace,
r guide their daring ſteps to Finland fairs. 865
'iſh'd Spring returns; and from the hazy South,
'hile dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
he welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
y ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve!
'ill ſeen at laſt for gay rejoicing months, 870
ill round and round, his ſpiral courſe he winds,
nd as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
'heels up again, and re-aſcends the ſky.
 that glad ſeaſon, from the lakes and floods,
'here pure * Niemi's fairy mountains riſe, 875
nd fring'd with roſes † Tenglio rolls his ſtream,
hey draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,
hey cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
'here all day long in uſeful cares employ'd,
heir kind unblemiſh'd wives the fire prepare. 880
hrice happy race! by poverty ſecur'd
rom legal plunder, and rapacious power:
 whom fell intereſt never yet has ſown
he ſeeds of vice: whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er knew
njurious deed, nor, blaſted by the breath 885
f faithleſs love, their blooming daughters woe.
Still preſſing on beyond Tornea's lake,
nd Hecla flaming through a waſte of ſnow,
nd fartheſt Greenland, to the pole itſelf,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
he Muſe expands her ſolitary flight;

* M. de Maupertius, in his book on the figure of the earth, after hav-
g deſcribing the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland,
ys—" From this height we had opportunity ſeveral times to ſee thoſe
pours riſe from the lake, which the people of the country call Haltios,
d which they deem to be the guardian ſpirits of the mountains. We
d been frighted with ſtories of bears that haunted this place, but ſaw
ne. It ſeem'd rather to be a place of resort for Fairies and Genii,
an bears."

† The ſame author obſerves—" I was ſurprized to ſee on the banks of
is river, (the Tenglio) roſes of as lively a red as any that are in our
rdens."

And, hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,
Beholds new ſeas beneath * another ſky.
Thron'd in his palace of cœrulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court; 895
And through his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving tempeſt is forever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here, arms his winds with all ſubduing froſt;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows, 900
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.
Thence winding eaſtward to the Tartar's coaſt,
She ſweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
Snows ſwell on ſnows, amazing, to the ſky; 975
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapeleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps; or ruſhing hideous down, 910
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt, 915
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerleſs, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they! 920
Who here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their laſt look of the deſcending ſun;
While full of death and fierce with tenfold froſt,
The long long night incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the † Briton's fate, 925
As with *firſt* prow, (what have not Britons dared!)
He for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince

* The other hemiſphere.

† *Sir Hugh* Willoughby, ſent by queen Elizabeth to diſcover the *northeaſt paſſage.*

So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In theſe fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
And to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
Each full exerted at his ſeveral taſk,
Froze into ſtatues; to the cordage glued
The ſailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935
Hard by theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing ſtream
Rolls the wide Oby, live the laſt of men;
And half-enliven'd by the diſtant ſun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants.
Here human nature wears its rudeſt form. 940
Deep from the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer
They waſte the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the groſs race. Nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
Nor tenderneſs they know; nor aught of life, 945
Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without.
Till morn at length, her roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brighen'd o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered ſavage to the chace.
What cannot active government perform, 950
New-moulding man! Wide ſtretching from theſe ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire, one vaſt Mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal Peter! firſt of monarchs! He 955
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her ſens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce barbarian he ſubdu'd,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the man.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
Through long ſucceſſive ages to build up
A laboring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power; 965
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts!
And, roaming every land, in every port,

His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, and uſeful arts, 970
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſerts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd; 975
Th' aſtoniſh'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic Alexander of the North, 980
And awing their ſtern Othman's ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,
Of old diſhonor proud: it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade: 985
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill his great *example* ſhew'd.
Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the South. Subdu'd,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw. 990
Spotted the mountain ſhines; looſe fleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once; 995
And, where they ruſh, the wide reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty North;
But, rouſing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave; 1000
And hark! the lengthened roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toſs'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks

More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round ?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs, 1010
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
And his unwieldly train, in dreadful ſport, 1015
Tempeſt the looſen'd brine, while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wrecks.—
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye, 1020
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done ! dread Winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
How dead the vegitable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictur'd life :—Paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering Spring—thy Summer's ardent ſtrength
The ſober Autumn fading into age—
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs ? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs ? thoſe longings after fame ? 1035
Thoſe reſtleſs cares ? thoſe buſy buſtling days ?
Thoſe gay-ſpent feſtive nights, thoſe veering thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life ?
All now are vaniſh'd ! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man, 1040
His guide to happineſs on high.—And ſee !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the ſecond birth
Of heaven and earth ! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and ſtarts to life !
In every heighten'd form from pain and death 1045
Forever free.—The great eternal ſcheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole

Uniting as their prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye, refin'd, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now 1050
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd
And dy'd neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude: while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss.—Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile 1065
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of *Wintry time* will quickly pass,
And one unbounded *Spring* encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and benificence combin'd;
Shade unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, every-buſy, wheels the mighty ſpheres; 30
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth:
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To him, ye vocal gales, 40
Breathe ſoft, whoſe ſpirit in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh talk of him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar, 45
Who ſhake the aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to Heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound; 50
Ye ſofter floods, that head the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound his ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
Soft-roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reapers heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre. 65
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,

From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praiſe.
The thunder rolls; be huſh'd the proſtrate world; 70
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive low,
Ye valleys, raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75
Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night his praiſe. 80
Ye chief for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft breaking clear, 85
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.
Or, if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove; 90
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons, as they roll.
For me; when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the Summer-ray 95
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge 100
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt, 105
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there muſt be joy.

When even at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons;
From *ſeeming evil* ſtill educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in *Light ineffable!*
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe his praiſe.

THE END.